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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

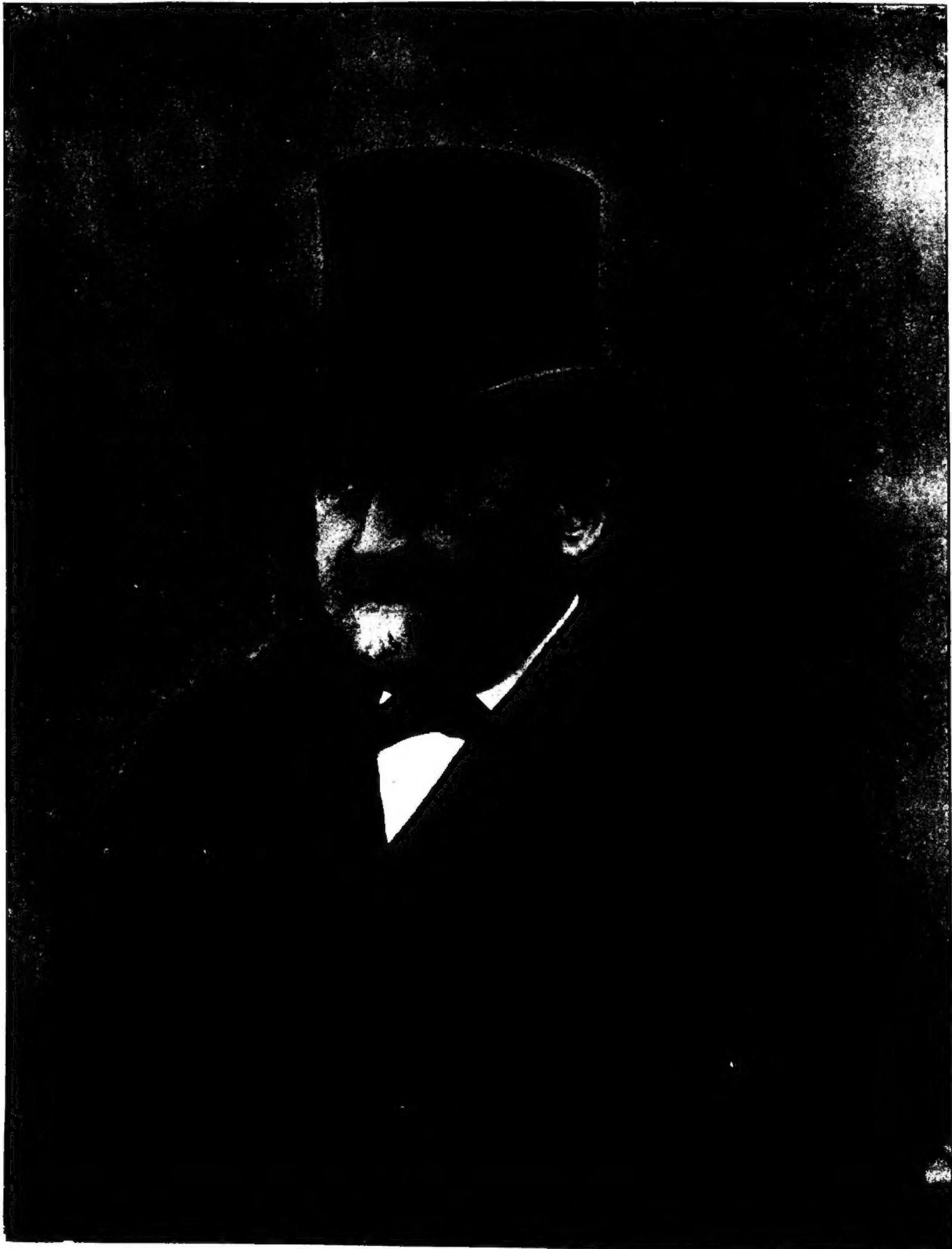
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VOL. I.—No. 23.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 8th DECEMBER, 1888.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM.  
10 CENTS PER COPY.

OFFICIAL INAUGURATION OF THE 27½ FOOT CHANNEL IN THE ST. LAWRENCE.



THE HON. SIR HECTOR L. LANGEVIN, C.B., K.C.M.G., LL.D., MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS.

From a photograph by Notman.

# The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON, Publishers,

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GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,

127 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

8th DECEMBER, 1888.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

### SPECIAL.

During the month of December we will give to new subscribers the current first six months, twenty-six numbers, of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, making a volume of 416 pages, containing over 250 beautiful engravings, and a great amount of interesting and instructive reading, ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR, the conditions being that the subscriber remits, at the same time, \$4.00 for a full year's subscription, beginning 1st January, 1889. In other words, we offer eighteen months' subscription for \$5.00, or again, we give away three months' subscription gratis. Persons wishing to form clubs can obtain their own subscription FREE, by sending us the price of four subscriptions, as now offered.

This offer is open for December only, and should be taken advantage of early, as our stock of back numbers is limited.



Sir William Dawson took occasion of the yearly dinner of the McGill Medical Faculty to state that the number of lady scholars at the chief Canadian seats of learning was steadily increasing. He said also that there were more lady pupils at McGill than in all other Canadian colleges together. The figures which we have gathered show this to be true: Queen's College, Kingston, 15; Victoria College, Cobourg, 16; University College, Toronto, 27; Dalhousie College, Halifax, 34, and McGill College, Montreal, 109.

The work of colonization is going on apace in the northern and newest fields of this province, bordering on the Height of Land. The townships called Guigues and Duhamel, in the land around and about Lake Temiskaming, have grown so much, in a few years, that the number of dwellers claim the right of being endowed with municipal institutions. Large tracts of this fine country have been bought up by French capitalists and companies, and funds have been sent forward for tillage and farm buildings.

There is talk in money circles about getting all bank notes that are in circulation received at par throughout every part of the Dominion. As things stand, discount is demanded at Montreal, for instance, on several banks of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. There is no doubt that the system is awkward, and does not show that bond of thorough fellowship and brotherhood which should flourish among the provinces.

A writer in the Halifax *Critic* says that the searovers of Elizabeth brought back to England a number of Spanish idioms, and he makes out that the old term, "Oh, dear me," is a phonetic twist for the Castilian *Ay de mi*, "Woe is me!" Of course this ejaculation at once reminds one of the Moorish ballad which Byron did into English

from the Spanish version of the Arabic original. One of the verses gives the mourning key to the dirge:—

Perdi una hija donzella,  
Que era la flor d'esta tierra,  
Cien doblas dava par ella,  
No me las estimo en nada.  
Ay de mi, Alhama!

A standing anomaly of the American electoral system is that an election may go to a candidate who polls only a minority of votes. In a triangular or quadrangular contest the effect is not so glaring, as in the first election of Abraham Lincoln, who was in a large minority of the popular vote. When there are only two candidates, however, the manifest violation of the American principle, "The majority must rule," is very striking. Thus, Mr. Cleveland has to step out of the White House, although he got 79,000 more votes than General Harrison.

There can be no two opinions on the need of the swiftest mail sea service attainable, if Canada wants to secure the Imperial subsidy for the passage of the mails from London to Yokohama, through Canadian territory, and over the rails and steamers of the Canadian Pacific. The matter is of vital importance; the whole country is alive to it; the newspapers are unanimous in its favour, and we may rest assured that the Government will not lose the opportunity of helping on another national work.

We have already called attention to the irruption of bears in the towns and villages of the old provinces. Their first inroad was in the streets of Pembroke, three months ago, since when a week scarcely passes without the report of a raid in different parts of the country. In Ontario and New Brunswick it is now proven that Bruin has still his lair in the wild wood and his haunts on the outskirts of peopled dwellings for food. In the Richelieu valley, at St. Denis, the bears paid a visit lately, and fifty-six were killed in the forests of Garneau, Lafontaine and Fournier, and in the seignory of St. Roch des Aulnais, L'Islet.

It is not generally known that Montreal has the largest and greatest bell in America, the *bourdon*, or burden, which can be heard over the St. Lawrence, from the western tower of Notre Dame to Varennes, a stretch of thirty miles. The famous Moscow bell weighed 57 tons. At Pekin there are seven bells, each weighing 120,000 pounds. The bell of Notre Dame, of Paris, weighs 38,000 pounds. That of Notre Dame, of Montreal, of English make, weighs 29,400 pounds. The heaviest bell in the United States is that of the New York City Hall, weighing 23,000 pounds.

We have already told our readers that, although Major Bedson had sold the last buffalo herd to an American ranch, the animals were likely to be kept on their old grounds, at Stony Mountain. A number of experiments have been made in crossing the breed with ordinary stock, but ranchmen do not believe that the experiment will be of any practical good. Its only result can be to deteriorate stock, as the buffalo is entirely wanting in hind-quarters. What would follow would be the preservation of the buffalo for the sake of the "robe," but this, though of great beauty and value on pure breeds, is neither one nor the other on the mixed stock.

We also spoke of pelicans in the Northwest and Mississippi Valley, sailing south for the winter, and wonder was expressed that these birds were

found in our country at all. They are, however, quite plentiful on the prairie. Dr. Fream, who lately called at the Manitoba penitentiary, kept, along with a menagerie of his own, by Major Bedson, says that the superintendent is a great naturalist, and it was surprising, among specimens of moose, bison and cariboo, to see a number of pelicans, which travellers usually associate with more southerly latitudes.

Some six or seven French-Canadians were lately elected to the legislature of several of the New England States. This is the result of naturalization, whereby these people have become American citizens, and are no longer Canadians. This change of allegiance, the possession of their own priests and parishes, schools and societies, all root them in their new homes, hindering more and more every well meant plan of repatriation. Any one who has seen these Canadian groups beyond the border will see at once that their return here is hopeless.

Parliament will likely be called on to settle another knotty point as between the Federal and Provincial Governments, on the payment of the militia when called upon to quell riots and keep the peace. In two cases, lately, the Italian uprising on the Hereford Railway and the Skeena threatened outbreak, the Federal Government had to yield and pay the costs of the volunteers, while the Quebec and British Columbia legislatures looked on and refused to contribute a cent. The share of responsibility in such critical events is surely one-sided, and it will have to be clearly defined.

## THE STUDY OF LITERATURE.

The editor of this paper was perhaps the first to put forward the claims to the chair of English Language and Literature, in Toronto University, of W. J. Alexander, B. A. (Lond.) Ph. D. (J. H. U.), Munro Professor of English Language and Literature at Dalhousie University, and some time Fellow of Johns Hopkins University. In doing so he was fully aware of Professor Alexander's abilities, and that high estimate has been enhanced by the perusal of the Inaugural Address delivered at the Convocation of Dalhousie on the subject whose title heads this article.

The professor takes a threefold view of literature. First, as the simple expression of thought, and under this head the dramas of Sophocles are included with the elements of Euclid, and Tennyson's "Idylls" with Darwin's "Origin of Species." Hence, to use the professor's own words: "As the literary student, then, may be employed now on the material of the mathematical, now on that of the historical or scientific student, the differentiation of his study must be sought, not in its material, but in its aim. Euclid has, as a mathematician, one end in view, and Thucydides, as an historian, another; but, inasmuch as both were writers, they must have had also a common end, and it is in this end we must seek the aim of literary study. Now, every written thought is the representation of a certain mental condition, and its aim is the reproduction of that condition either in the mind of others, or in the writer's own mind at another time; and, consequently, the aim of the student of literature is simply the reproduction within himself of this mental condition of the writer." He has attained his end when he has put himself at the point of view of the author.



The second point of view is literature as written thought clothed in style. Style is that in the written thought which corresponds to the personality of the writer, and is the outcome of that personality. That constant element is, to persons of literary capacity and training, a revelation of the man; as Buffon says, "*Le style, c'est l'homme.*"

Through style, then, we come in contact with that which is greatest in man—character; for the character of a man is the resultant of his whole being, moral and intellectual. To experience the power of literature, to appreciate style in its fullness, to feel not merely the main emotion, but the whole complex of emotions with which a writer regards his subject, is the outcome only of constant and careful study, combined with a large innate susceptibility to literary art. Though the capacity for the highest literary appreciation is not common, in most men a measure of innate capability is dormant. To rouse this dormant capability, to guide it aright when roused, to teach the proper spirit in which to approach the masterpieces of literature, and to keep the mind in contact with them—this should form a main part of every course of literature; and the professor claims that, excluding the other benefits of college work, it would be no inadequate return should the student gain this alone, the appreciation of what is noblest and best in books, and a love for the society of that august company of whom we have spoken.

The professor's third view is the perfection of literature, as exhibited in the subtlest sublimation of thought and the perfection of style. In other words, he regards poetry as the culmination of literary inspiration and workmanship. It rests, according to Aristotle, on fancy and feeling—or, as the professor has it, on imagination and emotion. Nay, it combines the three faculties of the human mind—imagination, sensibility and judgment—and the lecturer is quite right in saying that the poet is essentially the philosopher, as the instance of Shakespeare shows plainly. There is no doubt that Greek and Latin literature and poetry are and must remain the everlasting patterns of the student, and while we by no means agree to the professor's preference for the German as compared with French or Italian literature, we quite agree with him that after all, the wide, varied and splendid literature open to all of us in our mother-tongue is a sufficient instrument of literary culture, and from it, at any rate, we must begin. Literary taste and love of books must first be developed there; for, to close with a very true remark of Professor Huxley: "If an Englishman cannot get literary culture out of his Bible, his Shakespeare, his Milton, neither will the profoundest study of Homer and Sophocles, Virgil and Horace give it to him."

## LITERARY NOTES.

The third edition of the useful little book, "*Le Paroissien Noté*," has appeared at Quebec.

"Plan of the City of Toronto and Suburbs," compiled and drawn by S. R. G. Penson, is published by S. R. G. Penson, Toronto.

"The History of the Ursulines of Three Rivers," a work extending over two hundred and fifty years, has just been published from the pen of one of the nuns.

Dr. Bourinot, the well known *littérateur*, clerk of the Canadian House of Commons, will be married shortly to Miss Cameron, of Regina, and formerly of Ottawa.

The first number of the new Ottawa weekly, *United Canada*, has appeared. It is an eight-page paper. Father Coffey, late of the *Catholic Record*, London, Ont., is the editor.

## RED AND BLUE PENCILS.

One of the hopeful signs of literary thrift is the number of well printed and well edited students' papers. I have seen about half a dozen of these, and found them well up to the mark. There must be at least a baker's dozen of these special journals, among which are, to my knowledge, the *Dalhousie Gazette*, the *King's College (N.S.) Record*, the *Almafilian*, the *Ottawa College organ*, the *McGill College Gazette*, "*The College Times*" of U. C. College, while at St. Lin the girls have put forth a neat monthly called "*The Convent*."

I have yet to see the paper that has not chimed in with the general feeling in favour of having born Canadians for the chairs of our universities and colleges in all cases where other things are equal. For the chair of English Language and Literature, I was among the first to put forward the names of Professors Roberts, of King's and Alexander, of Dalhousie, and it is pleasing to see that the call has been echoed far and wide.

It was feared, last week, that three great old men of Britain would not live through the winter, lying low with what seemed to be their last illness. These were Newman, Tennyson and Bright—the first born with the century, the second touching fourscore, and the third far beyond the allotted three score and ten. As I write, the three have luckily rallied, and there is hope that they may be spared for several years yet.

F. C. Emberson sends me these verses on the birthday of a sister:—

### IN ROSÆ, SORORIS, NATALITIAS.

Decembribus cœlebs q̄ id agam Kalendis.  
—Horace ad III, 7 *parce detorta*.

Why round my halls do posy garlands twine,  
Fern-mosses, roses, wilding eglantine?

Lithe maidens flit in festal raiment gay,  
And festal meats on snowy napery lay.

Alcoves reëcho to the cithern's sound,  
Jests, laughter, songs and lisson feet fly round.

Sweet Rose! this dawning saw thy nascent years;  
My natal day, alas! I keep with tears.

Blessing and blest, fair fleet thy golden life,  
Once loving daughter, now beloved wife.

The following is sent by the same hand:—

#### AD EAMDEM.

Hæc Rosamunda die,—Rosa mundique et rosa munda,  
Orta est et bene olet quæ redolere solet.

The Yankee pirate publisher who stole this couplet of the writer, in 1870, to maul it and print it as an epitaph on Fair Rosamond, is warned that "F. C. E." is only waiting for the International Copyright law to get Mr. Greenway's lawyers to communicate with him.

This is the letter which accompanied the foregoing poems:—

S. V. B. E. E. V.

Tibi versiculos istos remitto. Minime pro mihi habes te mea scripta legere non posse, quippe qui scribere taughtus essem nunquam. Me Latinum, me Græcum, me Calculum Differentialem mirâ quantum curâ docebant, scribere tamen, vae mihi, nunquam teachaverunt. Neque enim tuum pugnâ decipere potui. Vesperî litteras tuas accepi, et sine spectaculis eadem legere nequebam. Homunculus pedes quinque (V) solum altus, naso longissimo et aduno, spectacula wearens, nimis essem ridiculus et puerulis ludibrium. Vale; cutem curâ, præsertim si satis es dives (satis dives ego non sum), ad balneum turcum.

I am far from liking the critical school of second rate authors, who are trying to rule public opinion in England by their new-fangled standards of literary taste, but sometimes they do hit the mark, and thereby set back the balance. Thus, Edmund Gosse has put Poe in his right place, at the head of American poets. Andrew Lang, however, is all at sea in asking us to read Browning's "*Men and Women*" and Shelley's "*Adonais*" as we read "*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*" or "*The Ancient Mariner*." You can understand the latter; the former are unintelligible.

Mr. Lang has the assurance to bid us read Browning without puzzling after problems or "grubbing" (a delicate word) for more than we see on the surface. He asks us to read "just for plain sense, for the romance, for the delight of

the heart and fancy." The trouble is that there is little plain sense in Browning, for twelve lines running, and not all the sneers and hard names of such teachers as Andrew Lang can make Sibylline Leaves of his favourite's rhapsodies.

We have to go back to the old fellows after all. They had an eye to the beautiful in nature and in man, and a heart to beat with it so as that all men might understand and enjoy it forever. Take Shakespeare in "*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*," Act II., sc. 7, who makes Julia say of love to her waiting-woman, Lucetta:—

The current that with gentle murmur glides,  
But when his fair course is not hindered,  
He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.

Then go to Tasso and hear Aminta tell his comrade, Tirsi, in what way he loves his sweetheart, Silvia:—

\* \* \* Punto altro non vollei  
Che 'l soave splendor degli occhi belli,  
E le dolci parole, assai più dolci  
Che 'l mormorar d'un lento fiumicello,  
Che rompa 'l corso fra minuti sassi,  
O che 'l garrir dell' aura infra le frondi.

You stop when you have read, and you shut your eyes to think, and the scene of love is as living to you as it was to Shakespeare or to Tasso.

TALON.

## VERSES.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

### I.

#### SORROWS OF HOPE.

Why will the heart be never satisfied,  
But ever chase of hope the butterflies,  
Treading beneath its feet at every stride  
The flowers whose sweetness it might realize?  
Why will it follow, follow till it dies,  
Those pleasures lost in winning, like a bark  
That over glancing billows broadwinged flies  
To meet the sun's path, while that golden mark  
Around it lies, but in the seething wake grows dark?

### II.

#### FRIENDS' DUTIES.

Woe, woe unto that over-careful heart  
That tells our faults and our base acts doth chide  
And will not laud in us the nobler part,  
Lest praise should sow the fruitful seeds of pride.  
Praise is man's food. He will not be denied,  
But from his soul's true level will descend  
To mix with those by whom his praise is cried,  
It is the duty of the soul's true friend,  
Merited blame reluctantly with praise to blend.

### III.

#### THE MAIDEN'S LOVE.

The maiden's love is not the woman's love,  
Nor has its depth, its patience, nor its power,  
'Tis the soul's egoism, fain to prove  
It can elate a soul or make it cower,  
It is not selfless love, o'erjoyed to dower  
The loved one with its charms, nor yet demand  
Aught in return, and which when tempests lower  
Between the lightning and its love will stand  
Fearless, though death or anguish threaten on every hand.

### IV.

#### LOVE.

##### I.

Love is the bitterest pleasure upon earth,  
The sharpest purgatory of mankind.  
It kindles fires of hope on the heart's hearth  
And quenches them with torments meet to blind  
The eye to happiness, and cloud the mind,  
Crowns jealousy its king, who makes the smile  
Of woman—by God to comfort man designed—  
To the crazed lover seem hell's deepest guile  
With which she lures all men into subjection vile.

##### II.

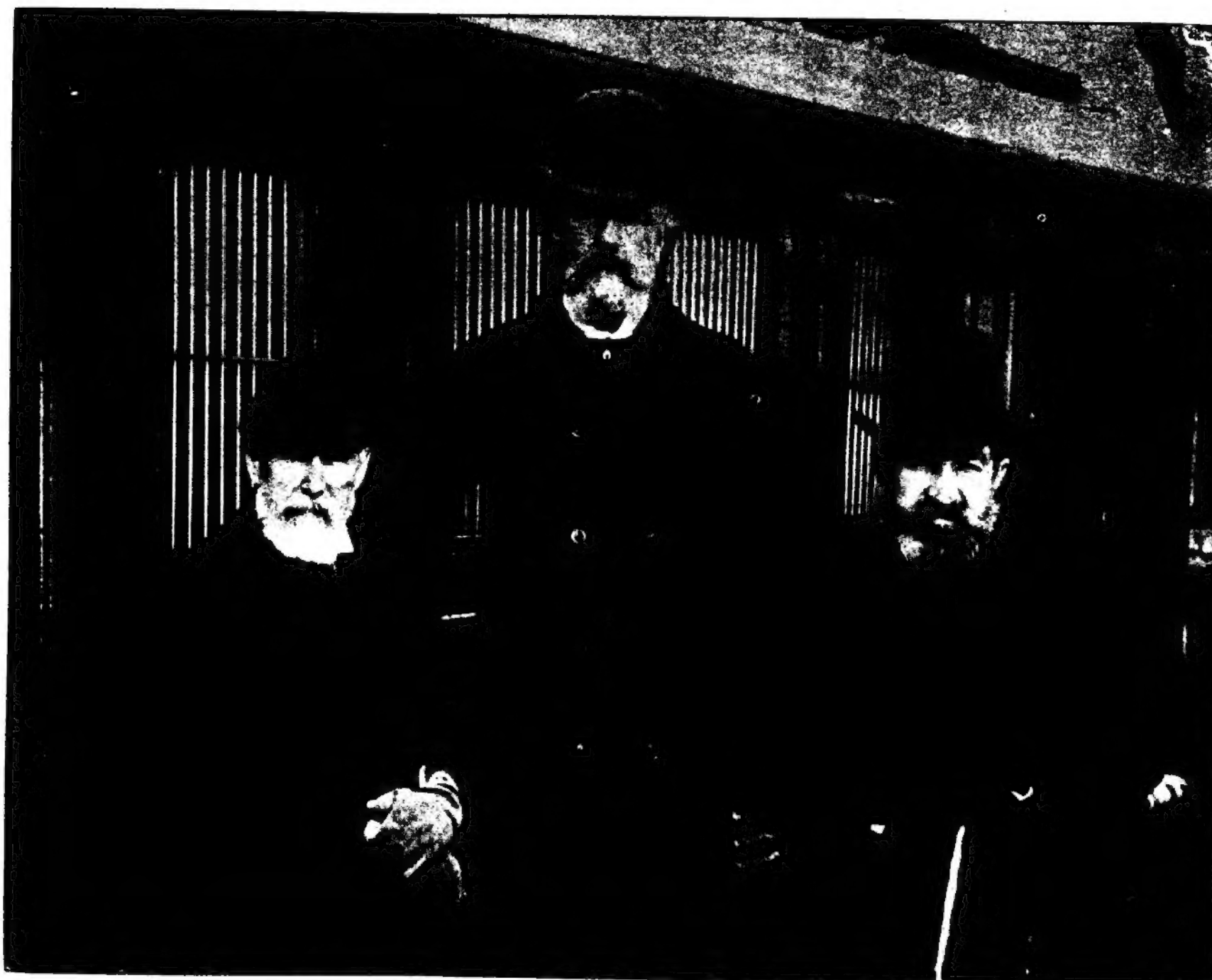
And yet when once the words of love are spoken,  
Love vows exchanged, and on red lips and warm  
Is pressed of love the burning seal and token,  
No longer heard is jealousy's alarm,  
And earth revivifies to a new found charm.  
From victor Hope, Despair, dark-pinioned, flies,  
Heart beats on heart, and, trustful, fears no harm.  
A gayer sun is shining in the skies  
And earth seems earth no more, but rather paradise.  
Montreal. ARTHUR WEIR.

# OFFICIAL INAUGURATION OF THE 27½ FOOT CHANNEL.

Views and groups from photographs taken by Wm. Notman & Son.



THE BEAVER LINE STEAMSHIP "LAKE ONTARIO," ACCOMPANYING THE EXCURSION.



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REPRESENTATIVES FROM THE SENATE, THE STEAMSHIP, AND THE RAILWAY.





ANDREW ROBERTSON, ESQ., CHAIRMAN OF THE MONTREAL HARBOUR COMMISSIONERS.

From a photograph by Notman.





**THE INAUGURATION OF THE 27½ FOOT CHANNEL.** (CONTINUED.)—The leading feature of the excursion on the 7th November to Quebec was the representative character of the gathering. The Montreal Harbour Commissioners had as witnesses of the complete and successful performance of their Herculean task, Ministers of the Crown, members of the Senate, House of Commons, and Local Legislature, the Quebec Harbour Commissioners, the Secretary of the Three Rivers Harbour Commission, delegates from the Board of Trade, Corn Exchange, and French Chamber of Commerce, the Acting-Mayor and a number of aldermen and officials of the Montreal City Council, representatives of the Shipping, Railway and Forwarding interests, a number of eminent civil engineers, together with a host of manufacturers, bankers and merchants, and the Recording Angels—the members of the Press. Apart from the portraits of the two most prominent personages of the occasion, whose biographies are given elsewhere, we complete our series of commemorative engravings with four subjects. First, a splendid picture of the steamship "Lake Ontario," of the Beaver Line, a grand vessel of 5,300 tons, whose proximity to the "Sardinian" can be judged from the engraving reproduced from a photograph taken on board the latter. And here we may mention that about the time this photograph was taken, another large steamship, the "Fremona," was passing up the river to the larboard of the "Sardinian;" the three great steamers, all deep laden, being at one time abreast of each other, with ample room to spare, practically demonstrating both the depth and the width of the channel. Next we have a representative group of the Senate, the Steamship interest and the Railway line. Mr. Allan's portrait does not do him justice, the light, rather strong at the time, shining full on his face when the photograph was taken. The other two portraits, that of the eminent Grand Trunk Railway official, and the popular Senator, are excellent. The group of the Acting-Mayor, aldermen and city officials scarcely needs comment; every face is a speaking likeness, although the photograph was taken in a rare interval of perfect silence. The Civil Engineers offer a compact front, flanked and supported with science and skill, as befitted their profession. At *Cap à la Roche* the huge beam that had gauged the depth of the channel as described in our last, was lifted from the water by the might of stout blocks and tackle, and then, and then only, the object of the excursion being practically accomplished, were we summoned to dinner, with appetites sharpened by six hours of invigorating exercise in the bracing air. A bounteous repast was set before us, to which we did ample justice. Then came the customary toasts and speeches, to produce which we lack space. We must however put on record the speech of the Minister of Public Works, as an essential part of the narrative. Sir Hector Langevin, who on rising was greeted with prolonged cheers, said that this was a most auspicious occasion, and he felt deeply grateful for the manner in which they had received him. It was also with exceeding satisfaction that he looked round and saw the large number of gentlemen who had assembled to celebrate the occasion in honour of the channel deepening, which they had succeeded in bringing to a finality. This great work had been spoken of and petitioned for in 1825, but did not really begin until 1838. For the last fifty years the work had been progressing, slowly perhaps, until today, when it was 27½ feet in depth. The importance of such a work was apparent to all, and that it was fully appreciated a glance at the gathering sufficed to show. They were pleased beyond measure at what was completed today. It was a work which was not only of benefit to the city of Montreal, but to the entire province of Quebec, and also to the province of Ontario. It was a truly national work and a direct benefit to the whole Dominion. It not only fostered the trade of Quebec and Montreal, but was a direct encouragement and assistance to the trade of the North-West, which came down this way. To give honour where honour was due, he must say that in his opinion the whole thing was due to the persistent energy and perseverance of the citizens of Montreal, who had for years devoted themselves to the work. He had no doubt that Quebec would soon follow suit and trade be largely increased. Montreal entertained no ill feelings towards Quebec and would be glad to see the latter city grow and prosper, as their prosperity would certainly increase that of Montreal as well. This great work seemed to have been undertaken with the idea, by those who had been prominent in its initiation and those who had followed it out since, that the development of this great artery of the St. Lawrence would one day become a vital necessity and in fact the backbone of Canada. A little time back, when the country was threatened with non-intercourse with our cousins to the south, they fully realized this. They saw then fully the importance of their great national highway. This work, in conjunction with the system of railways from the Atlantic to the Pacific, were all commercial facilities and channels that the rapid growth of trade and population would require and would develop Canadian centres and ports. This was a work which belonged to no city or province, but was national in its breadth and effect. In conclusion Sir Hector warmly congratulated the Commissioners upon the work,

and thanked them for the kind reception which he had met at their hands. When after dinner, we returned to the upper deck, darkness had supervened, and the lights of Cape Diamond, Dufferin Terrace and the Lower Town of Quebec were reflected on the deep tide waters of her harbour. The Citadel, the church spires and Laval University outlined a bold and fantastic silhouette against the northern sky. We were soon transferred to the steamer "Montreal," of the Richelieu & Ontario line, in which the generous hospitality of the Harbour Commissioners was continued to their guests, and the return trip was comfortably made without any noteworthy incident, unless it be the singing of "Old King Cole" by the member for Montreal Centre, with a rousing chorus by the assembled guests just before bed-time.

**SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN.**—The Minister of Public Works was born at Quebec on the 26th August, 1826, and brought up at the Seminary of that city, after which he embraced the profession of the law, studying first with the late Hon. A. N. Morin, and afterward with the late Sir George Cartier, and was called to the bar in 1850, and reached the purple in 1864. In his younger days he was identified with journalism from 1847 to 1857, at Montreal and Quebec. His connection with the *Mélanges Religieux*, in 1848, put his name forward into prominence. He also filled many municipal offices in Quebec, being Mayor from 1858 to 1861; President of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, and President of the Institut Canadien. He is the author of a prize essay on Canada and her Institutions, 1855, and of a Manual of Parishes and Fabriques, 1862. His public life dates back to the Government of old Canada, and we find him Solicitor-General, from 1864 to 1865, and thence Postmaster-General to the year of the Union. In that eventful year he was named Secretary of State, Registrar General, and Superintendent of Indian Affairs, till 1869, when he became Minister of Public Works. Sir Hector is one of the Fathers of Confederation, an honour which is of itself sufficient to distinguish any statesman. He was a delegate to the Charlottetown Conference and that of Quebec, in 1864, and to the London Colonial Conference in 1866-67. He was created C. B. in 1868; K. C. of the Order of Gregory the Great in 1870; K. C. M. G. in 1881. In 1871 he made an official visit to British Columbia, and published a valuable report of the same in 1872. On the death of Sir George Cartier, in 1873, he was chosen Leader of his party in the Province of Quebec. He sat for Dorchester in the Canadian Assembly before Confederation, and after that event represented the constituency in the House of Commons and also in the Quebec Legislature, from 1867 to 1871, when he was returned for Quebec Centre by acclamation, and sat till 1874. In 1873 he withdrew with the resignation of his Government, and remained in private life till 1876, when he was elected for Charlevoix, and again in 1877. In 1878 he was elected by acclamation for Three Rivers, and, in 1879, appointed to his present position of Minister of Public Works. In 1879 Sir Hector went to England in connection with the proposed dismissal of Lieut.-Governor Letellier de St. Just.

**ANDREW ROBERTSON,** Chairman of the Board of Harbour Commissioners, Montreal, is a Scotchman by birth, having been born in Paisley, Scotland, on the 18th June, 1827. He is the eldest and only son of the late Alexander Robertson, of Paisley, by his first wife, Grant Stuart Macdonald. Mr. Robertson received his education at the Paisley Grammar School, going through the usual curriculum of English, Latin and Greek. Shortly after leaving school, like the majority of Scotch boys, he learned a trade, that of weaving. He went, in 1840, to Glasgow, to push his fortune. Here he served for four years in a dry goods store, and then took a position in a manufacturer's establishment. In this new position he worked hard, and having gained the confidence of his employers, he was four years afterward, in 1848, admitted a partner in the business. A few years later on, his health having given way, he was admonished by his medical adviser to leave Glasgow, and try the effects of either the climate of Australia or Canada on his enfeebled constitution. He decided on the latter country, and along with his wife and two sons came to Montreal in 1855. Shortly after his arrival he went into the dry goods business, and soon became one of the leading men in the trade, as senior partner in the firm of Robertson, Linton & Co., of that city. Business having succeeded, Mr. Robertson was enabled to retire from it in 1885, and he is now enjoying other and perhaps more congenial pursuits. Being a public spirited gentleman, he never shirked his responsibilities as a citizen. In 1868 and 1869 he accepted the position of president of St. Andrew's Society of Montreal; in 1876 he was president of the Dominion Board of Trade; in 1876 and 1877 he was president of the Montreal Board of Trade; was the first president of the Dominion Travellers' Association; has been the president of the Royal Canadian Insurance Company since 1876; and president of the Bell Telephone Company of Canada since its organization in 1880. In 1872 Mr. Robertson became one of the governors of the Montreal General Hospital, and since that period has filled the offices of treasurer, vice-president, and is now president. In 1879 he was elected chairman of the Board of Harbour Commissioners for Montreal, and he has occupied this position ever since. He has also taken an interest in military affairs, and in 1861, during the Trent excitement, he was first lieutenant and quartermaster of the Montreal Light Infantry. Mr. Robertson is an adherent of the Presbyterian Church; and as for politics, we think he would rather act the part of the Good Samaritan than indulge in political discussions. He was married on the 19th April, 1850, to Agnes, youngest

daughter of the late Alexander Bow, of Glasgow, and has had a family of four sons and six daughters; two of the latter are dead.

**DOMINION ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION CAMP AT ISLE OF ORLEANS, QUEBEC.**—The Dominion Artillery Association, having for its object the development of gunnery skill, and the dissemination of artillery knowledge throughout the Dominion of Canada, first organized by Major-General Strange while Inspector of Artillery, is to the artillery of Canada what the Dominion Rifle Association is to the infantry. With but a meagre Government grant, voluntary subscriptions have produced quite a respectable prize list. Annual meetings are held in Ontario and Quebec. A portion of the camp at Isle of Orleans during 1888 meeting is shown, where detachments of the artillery of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces competed at 40 pounder practice, shifting ordnance, and target practice with 64-32 Palliser M. L. rifled guns and 40 pounder Armstrong B. L. rifled guns.

**EMBARQUÉS.**—Essentially a French picture. The water and the boat are well drawn, but the attitude of the boatman is affected, and has not that trick of the trade, the air of the true waterman, which a British artist would not have failed to impart. The horse and the boat are not familiarly handled by the city Frenchman. On the other hand, the lady sitting in the prow is the type of grace. Where there is question of posing a woman so as to display all the charms of her carriage and the graces of her visage, the French artist is always at home.

**SUGAR ISLAND.**—This island lies in Georgian Bay, with La Cloche Mountains in the distance. The birch bark wigwams of the Indians are getting scarcer year by year, as the Indians become more settled in character and prefer cedar bark and frame houses.

### "POET'S CORNER."

The Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey is the most famous corner in the whole world. It is holy with the dust of the mighty souls of England. Dull must be the heart whose cheek bone does not flush as he reads the mighty names and breathes in the atmosphere of the grand poets standing in this corner with the climbing clustered columns around him; and reading the names cut on monuments or simple stone, one seems to feel that one is in a real presence, and a belief in spirits seems easy and natural, nay, almost perfect.

"I stepped with noiseless foot as though the sound of mortal tread  
Might burst the bands of the dreamless sleep that wraps the mighty dead."

Here lies Old Dan Chaucer, surrounded by his sons. Here lie Campbell, Kowe and Gay. Here, at the foot of Shakespeare's statue, reposes Garrick, by the side of his old friend, Dr. Johnson. Here lies Shakespeare's godson, Davenant. Here his compeer, rare Ben Jonson. Here Spencer, with Prior at his feet. Here Beaumont and Dryden, Crowley and Butler. Here the witty Sheridan, the grave and courtly Addison, the dramatic Cumberland, the Historian Macaulay. Among the last, but perhaps the dearest to our hearts, the one who showed us poetry and love in the existence of our poorest brothers, Charles Dickens.

There is little doubt that most, if not all, of our great writers have made a pilgrimage to this corner. Addison writes: "When I am in a serious humour I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable."

Charles Knight says: "We could wish most heartily if we knew the name of him who first gave this appellation to the south transept of the old Abbey, and thus helped most probably to make it what it is—the richest little spot the earth possesses in its connection with the princes of song. Such a man ought himself to have a monument among them."

It is probable that the man has a monument among them. Goldsmith has a monument here, and he is the most likely writer, save Charles Lamb, to have given the name.

That leading publisher, A. Periard, of Montreal, has put forth "Traité Des Substitutions," Par M. Thevenot Desaulx de Savigny, et annoté par M. Mathieu, Juge de la Cour Supérieure.



## THE PUBLIC DINING ROOM.

To most of those whose lot it is, and has been always, to dine amongst their families or their friends, the eating-house presents itself as a place for satisfaction merely in the entertainment which is indicated in its name. And to such, the entering into one of these of the half-famished mechanic or the hungry clerk, who has passed the day engrossed with thoughts of but little else than the work which occupied his hands, and his coming-forth again, wearing another aspect and surveying humanity about him with a benevolence which is beautiful to see, would suggest but the influence of the viands he has therein paid full justice to.

But while this transformation in the mechanic or the clerk is due in great part, no doubt, to the primary use of the eating-house, it owes its thoroughness and its elaborate finish with an equal absence of doubt, to another entertainment—the contemplation of other mechanics and other clerks, and the observer's own fancied exemption from all notice—which even adds a zest to the primary use itself.

There is a pleasant little dining room on Craig street, situated with happy comfort between two corners, and whose host and hostess—bearers of a name which was famously connected with the same line of business in the world's metropolis in days gone by—at once gain the customer's good opinion in their possession of that geniality of mien which has been a requisite in the successful boniface from time forgotten.

Five two-seat tables, which at the first and last meals of the day are covered by reddish-coloured cloths, and, at the second, white ones, grace one half of the room, which also contains a stove and a cozy little ticket office, placed as befits the actors in the game of "give and take," conveniently near to the door, and to each other. Several appetizing little pictures depend from the wall, which also supports a score or more of iron hooks, or hat-racks, and a clock.

The other half of the room has the commencement of a flight of stairs leading to an upper dining room; a curious old cupboard with an extension of a more modern design and workmanship, and a larger table running parallel to the stairs—and from its close contiguity to the kitchen, parallel also to the inclinations of the more superstitious of the frequenters, on whose susceptibilities it operates on that account, and who therefore patronize it.

The first thing which meets your eye on entering, of a morning, is something of a fat man, who at considerable peril to himself, and with the object of striking terror to your heart, as a newcomer, jerks his ponderous and decided countenance from the paper he is reading, and gives utterance to a hard, long-drawn cough—by which he means to say: "I am here; so, look out for yourself!"

If you be a wealthy man or an M.P. he will have other greetings for you; but if you have reached neither of those positions, do as he says and look out for yourself. Furthermore, you may whistle for the newspaper. But do not be afraid of the fat man. He is there certainly, and he will stay there long after you will have gone. In fact, the fat man is always there. He is there the first thing in the morning, and immediately appropriates the *Gazette* with a plainly-evincing intention of holding it, to the utter confusion of everyone else. Everyone else, therefore, glowers on the fat man; and he, appearing magnificently oblivious to these hostile glances, bogusly contents himself with glowering over the newspaper, while a half-contemptuous, half-exulting drawing-down of the right-hand corner of the mouth sufficiently denotes the nature of his sentiments.

There is one, on whom this peculiarity of the fat man acts more hardly than on the others: a young man, whose neck once fair and short enough, has been gradually forced upward and lengthened by the decrees of fashion, with the ever-increasing height of collars as an instrument. A "choker" of something less than six inches in height adorning a neck of something more than

that, can be traced to the young man; and you interest yourself too in a nobby hat and a cane, and a pair of yellow gloves protruding from a pocket of a yellow overcoat which is hanging on a peg.

The young man has positively no earthly interest in the newspaper beyond a fancy of the reputation he acquires through a seeming perusal of it; but as he regularly makes it a point each morning to endeavour to secure it first, and as the fat man just as regularly forestalls him in that manœuvre, it is no matter for surprise that there is anything but a perfect understanding between them; and you will take notice that on this particular morning there remains for him but ten minutes in which to despatch his breakfast into himself and himself to the office. He is consequently in a very bad humour.

"Er—I say, Sis!" he says to the waitress, with his eyes peering out of the corners of their sockets at the fat man; "Is the paper in this morning yet?"

The girl tells him that the gentleman at the table in front of him has it.

"Oh!" he cries with that peculiar intonation of the voice which is so manifestly inexpressive of the regretful surprise intended. He now looks squarely at the fat man. But the fat man is not to be beguiled in this manner. This is the sort of thing he has to put up with every morning, and as the mornings go by he becomes the more proof against it. The young man politely begs the fat man not to disturb himself on his account, but intimates that if he is really through with the paper some one else may take a notion for it; to which the fat man, turning, replies irascibly that he is not through with the paper, and that he never disturbs himself on anybody's account. An indignant rustle of the sheet completes the young man's frenzy. He thereupon sarcastically requests the fat man not to keep the paper all the week on his own account, hysterically swallows his boiled egg and coffee, and vanishes—five minutes late.

Here is a man whom, but for the gradual lessening of his oatmeal porridge, the motion of his right arm and the rapid throbbing of the Adam's-apple in his throat as mouthful follows mouthful, you would associate with something petrified: so rigid is his form, and of such stoniness his gaze.

And opposite, engaged on bacon, is another—a nervous person who has somehow taken it into his head that his neighbour is looking at him. He decides that he will catch the fellow this time, and therefore feigning an indifference of expression, and at the same time a certain dignity, he glances casually from his plate with a great flourish of knife and fork, to find that the stoic is looking, or seeming to look, right over his left shoulder, and not at him at all. To say truth, nobody takes the slightest notice of the nervous man; and again, to do him justice, nothing could exceed his happiness could he bring himself to that belief. Withal, a good-natured person as you can see at a glance, nothing annoys him more than another person's quiet observation of him; but as this observation is illusory, his annoyance is born solely of his own foolish little fancy. It is very distressing to the nervous man, and involves an awkwardness where there would perhaps be enough of that without it.

At the larger table are two newly-arrived Old-countrymen—or rather boys—who, with their hats on, and very apparently impressed with the idea of the approach of a particularly severe winter, are animated by denouncing the productions of every other country but their own. Another who has been before them by some years, and to whom the remarks are addressed, has his own opinion and a different one.

The discussion, by a natural process, turns on the products of the farm.

"Ah!" says O. C. M. number one, "Gi' me some real old English beef and pudden! That's somethin' they can't raise here like they do in the Old Country."

"An' cheese, man!" cries number two; "How I shed like a chunk now o' Stilton for a thruppenny bit, eh?"

"Aye," assents number one.

"Hoo-ootoot!" exclaims the unbeliever, "Ye don't know what you're tacken aboot. Beef in the old country! Why mahn, half the beef they get there coomes from her-re—aye, an' more than half; an' as for quality or what the likes o' you ever got of it, th' old country beast canna hoold a candle to the Canadyen ar-ticle."

"I shed indeed," comments number two pensively, thinking of the cheese.

Number one, finding himself beaten on one point, readily turns to another with the air of a man who can hold it good.

"Well, but it's cheaper over there," says he, "an' I suppose ye'll no be about sayin' it aint."

"Mahn! mahn! Where's your head at all? Cheaper! An' ye know as well as I do that wi' sexpence in th' old country ye canna git above a pound o' the scruffest o' the stoo, an' here—look! look aboot an' see for yersel's. Git your top-coats an' let's be off."

And they go—leaving a jolly little man at the same table who has treated the affair as a tremendous joke, greatly disappointed at its having ended so tamely, and struggling with a feverish disposition to attack somebody for his own amusement. But the jolly little man is soon interested in the arrival of a pompous young man who seems incapable of bringing his eyes to a lower level than the cornices of the ceiling, which invests everyone with a terrifying anxiety lest he trip over the scurrying waitress and break his neck.

"Beef-steak, lamb-chops and sausages?" is the laconic welcome of the young lady; to which the pompous young man, addressing the roof, makes answer: "Lamb chops, very well cooked—and say! no grease!"

And when they are handed him he falls to gamely, using his knife and fork with a mathematical impartiality which is astonishing. Having arrested starvation, he turns his attention to the jolly little man.

"Fine morning, sir," he remarks with his mouth full; "Quite!"

"Ye-es," responds the other, regarding him intently.

"Curious thing—lamb, sir."

The jolly little man becomes very much excited.

"By ginger! That's true," says he; "I say you're right! But now I think of it, there's something more curious still than lamb."

"No! What's that?" asks the pompous young man.

"Calf!" replies the jolly little man, as he reaches for his coat and hat. And the pompous young man is left in a state in which the commingling of his natural disposition with an enforced stolidity leaves little room for the indifference he endeavours to assume.

Noon brings the married man, who finds it too far to walk home; the single man who has no home to walk to, and who, with a view to the other state and the affiliated benefit of spotless pantaloons, flourishes the table napkin vigorously over his chair for a minute or two in search of the odious potato crumb, and the young fellow with good prospects who seats himself at his favourite little table with a great deal of humming and hawing, and puffing and blowing, and talks to his friend in a voice which he calculates drowns everything.

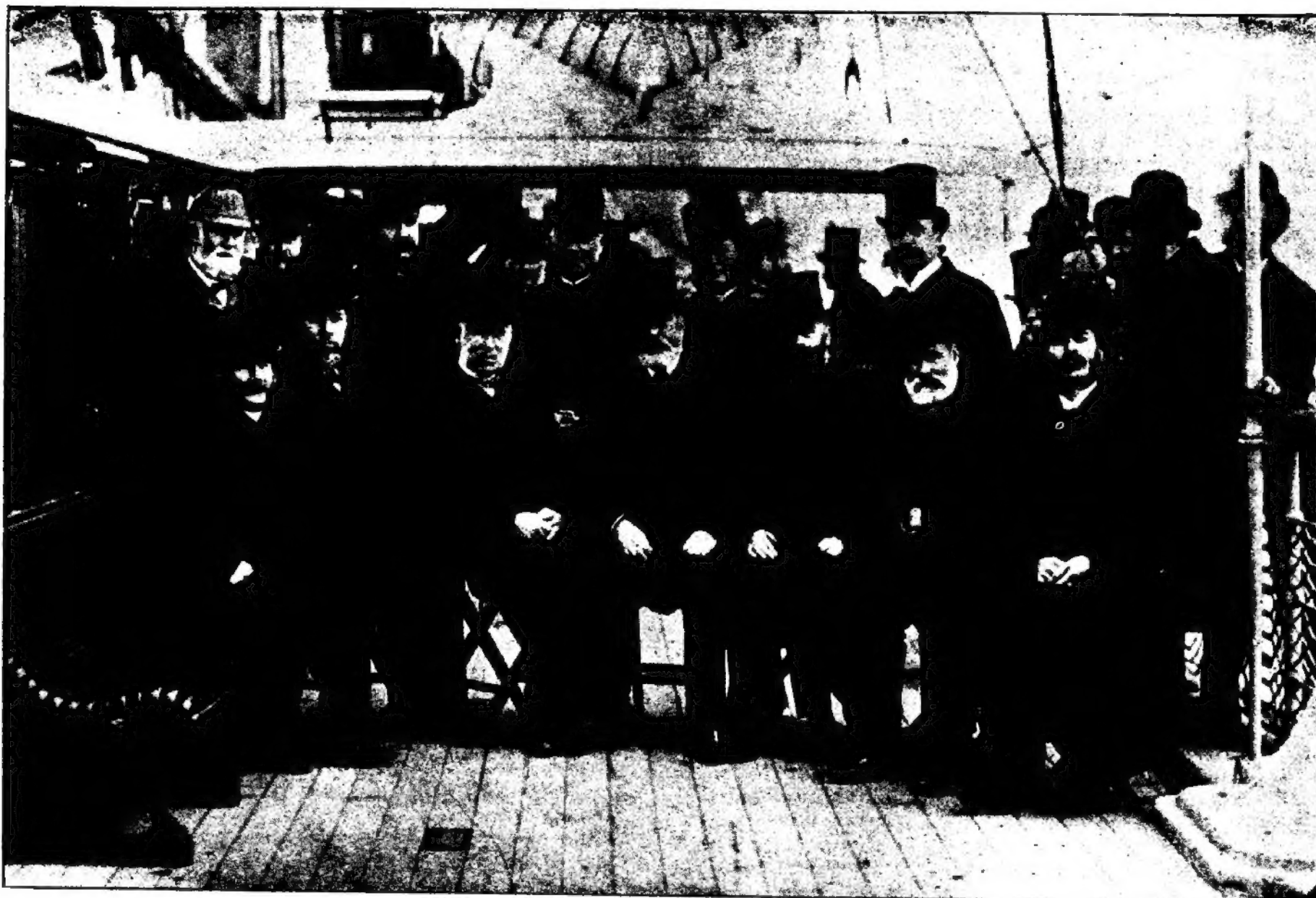
And at night comes the same stream of mechanics and clerks, fat men, jolly men, pompous men and frisky men; the would-be smart person whose actions more befit the fool by profession, and the timid individual who eats but half of what he pays for, and considers himself the landlord's debtor—each an ardent admirer of the six-tickets-for-a-dollar system, and each, or the greater part, hoping for his own quiet comfort that the room is nearly empty, and finding it full in the same measure, accordingly with the greatest politeness feigns a perfect ignorance of the presence of his neighbour while slyly carrying on his observation.

H. C.



# OFFICIAL INAUGURATION OF THE 27½ FOOT CHANNEL.

From photographs by Wm. Notman & Son.



WM. ROSS, CITY AUDITOR. ALD. GUBUC. ALD. A. A. STEVENSON. ALD. VILLENEUVE. ALD. PREFORTAINE.  
ALD. R. WHITE. ALD. M. MALONE. C. GLACKMEYER, CITY CLERK. ACTING MAYOR W. CLENDINENG. ALD. ROLLAND. ALD. WILSON. ALD. JEANNOTTE.

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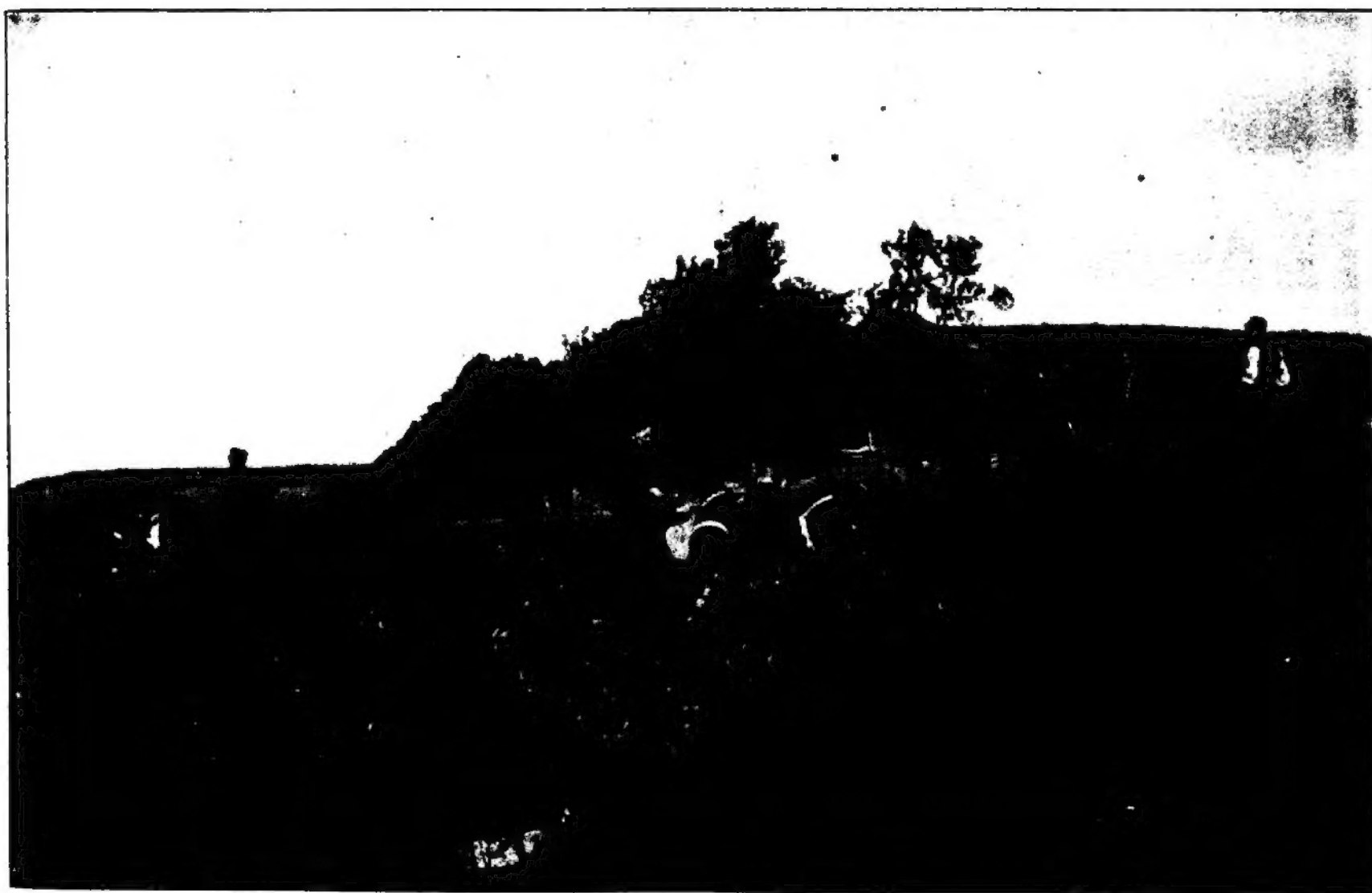
## THE CIVIL ENGINEERS.

DOMINION ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION MEETING ON THE ISLAND OF ORLEANS, BELOW QUEBEC.

From photographs by Capt. Imlah, "A" Battery, R. C. A.



THE CAMP.



THE 40 POUNDER COMPETITION.



## A Fatal Tug of War.

They were two young people with heads hot enough and hearts true enough to think the world well lost for love, and acting on that belief they had given up everything for its sweet sake. It is needless to make a long story of the sacrifices they had made, the troubles they had endured; but suffice it to say that love triumphed over every obstacle, and they were united at last.

Now, this will seem as if I had come to the end of my story; but that is not so. If I could have left them happy after the auspicious day which made them one, my story would then have been finished, but, alas, I did not. They cared not for the loss of friends; poverty had no terrors for them, for their hearts were young and hopeful; but there was something which tinged life with bitterness, which often estranged them, and which, sometimes, made all they had gone through for love's sake seem vain.

This can best be explained by saying plainly that they had both bad tempers, not bad in every way, irritable and vicious, but obstinate, proud and unyielding. Neither would give in, neither would own that they were in the wrong, and so it happened when any of the little inevitable disagreements which must occur in the course of life came about, and which, in most cases, soon blown over, with them, the general result was a period, sometimes short, sometimes long, of utter misery.

Yes, it was this unfortunate similarity of temper which caused nearly all their trouble, for if he thought he was in the right and she thought she was, it was a hard thing for either to speak the first word or yield in the slightest. Of course, love smoothed over many difficulties, but there came a day when even the Power of Love failed to steer them over the precipice down which they rushed.

### II.

They had had a slight quarrel over some trifling thing, just enough to cause them to part in the morning without the usual good bye, but their anger cooled as the day wore on; and although neither intended to beg forgiveness, or make up, as they say, yet both felt that there would be a tacit reconciliation when they met again in the evening.

He had promised some days before to take her to a grand concert that night, and as concerts and such pleasures had been few and far between since the day of their marriage, she was looking forward with glad eagerness to the event.

She had got ready his supper, dressed herself in a dress specially made for the occasion, done her hair up in the newest style, and after inspecting her *tout ensemble* in the glass for half an hour, turned away satisfied. All that was needed was some flowers, and these she was sure her husband would bring as he invariably did on such occasions.

He also was thinking of the concert, or rather he was thinking of the kind of flowers she would like to have, and on his way home he purchased a bunch of red and white carnations, her favourite flowers. The hour being late when he purchased them, and as it would take quite a little time to make up the bouquet, he instructed the girl who waited on him to have them sent to his house as soon as they were ready, as he had no time to wait for them.

He reached home expecting to find his wife in a pleasant humour, the little disagreement of the morning forgotten in anticipation of the promised pleasure; but no pleasant face greeted him. Instead, a gloomy visaged young woman who might have been dumb for all she had to say, opened the door. His wife's quick eyes had seen at the first glance that he had brought her no flowers, and as it was his wont to bring them on occasions like this, she had conceived the idea that he was still angry with her, and if he had a right to be angry, she thought, surely she had too. Therefore, it was no wonder that neither her face nor manner were as pleasant as her husband had expected, and he, noticing this, formed the same

conclusion about her as she had about him, namely, that she was harbouring bitter feelings on account of the morning's quarrel. Both were in the wrong and both were too proud to speak or make the first advance.

A ring at the bell disturbed the silence which had fallen around them. Charlie (these two people were named respectively Charlie and Helen) went to the door. A thought had struck him. It was this. Since his wife was making herself so unwarrantably disagreeable he would exercise the right of a husband to punish his wife, and not let her have the carnations. Any way, he thought, it would be humbling himself to offer them to her while she was in her present mood. So he deposited the bouquet in the hall and went back to the dining-room. Of course his wife was curious to know who had been or what it was, but as he volunteered no information she did not condescend to ask for any.

Well, they finished their supper, and when the time came started for the concert. Probably they would not have gone at all only their tickets were bought and they were not in a position which would allow of them throwing such things away.

As they passed through the hall, he took the flowers from where he had laid them, and she, seeing what it was he held in his hand, smiled to herself, thinking that after all he had only been teasing her by keeping them back and that he was surely going to give them to her now. In fact, she commenced to feel quite sorry for her own behaviour and would have spoken pleasantly to him had he not worn a very forbidding expression. She waited sometime, but as he did not offer to resign the coveted bouquet, her repentance first turned to surprise, and then silent indignation. So in this state these two silly miserable human creatures walked on side by side until they reached the concert hall.

The concert was very good, and had it not been for their unfortunate quarrel, they might have enjoyed it exceedingly. As it was, they hardly heard anything, but, for all that, when the chief singer's second song was finished, Charlie left no doubt in the minds of the audience that he had some appreciation of music, for he rose from his seat, deliberately, walked to the platform and before his wife's eyes handed the singer his bouquet of flowers.

What evil spirit tempted him to do this I do not know, but he thought he had not been treated fairly and was in a mood to do anything to provoke her who had treated him in that way.

What did Helen think of his act? The loss of the bouquet was really nothing much to her, but she felt that it had been given away on purpose to exasperate her, and as "Revenge is sweet, especially to a woman," the desire to pay him back in some way rose within her breast, so when he returned to her side, with defiant eyes she looked in his face and told him that the seat he had vacated a moment before was engaged. "Nonsense," said he, attempting to move the cloak which she had laid on the chair. "This seat is engaged" she repeated, and there was that in her voice which warned him to desist from trying to regain his seat. He felt uncomfortable, for he was attracting attention standing there, so with slow step and an ashamed sense of looking ridiculous, he was obliged to walk around the room in search of an unengaged seat. He found one after considerable trouble, just a little in front of his wife, and there they sat, almost in view of one another, both unhappier than they had ever been before in their lives.

It was a ridiculously pathetic situation which their tempers had placed them in. The bride and bridegroom of a few months sitting apart at a public concert with hearts full of angry and bitter feelings towards one another. And such a little thing had aroused these feelings. It was so trivial that I almost think they had forgotten how their quarrel commenced. Unbridled passions are sure to bring their own punishment, and these two from childhood up had never been known to yield or to forgive before they were forgiven, and thus it happened "When Greek met Greek then came the tug of war."

The way they were acting now was disgracefully childish, not befitting a man or woman, and the only excuse that can be given for them is, that they were little more than children both in years and experience. Perhaps, after they had lived together for years, Time might have changed things and they might have grown the most placid old couple that ever lived on the face of the earth. But fate had decided that was not to be.

### III.

The concert came to an end at last. One of them now would have to make some kind of advance. She waited a moment for him as she could not go home alone at that time of the night. Why did he not hurry and go to her then? If he had all would have been right; but he did not hasten himself, although he intended to go in the end. He kept her waiting, for had she not sent him away from her before the whole audience? This rankled in his mind.

But she was not in a mood to stand any trifling, and just as he was going to come to her she started for the door, and before he could get to her side, was out amidst the throng of people. Blaming himself for his folly, Charlie rushed after, but the crush was so great that there was no chance of him getting near her for some time. He could see his poor little wife struggling on before, and a deep sense of shame for the unmanly way he had acted took possession of him. Love triumphed now over every other feeling, and all his thought was to get near and speak to her.

There was no such sentiment in Helen's mind. She felt more sinned against than sinning. If her father and mother and all who had loved and petted her in the days gone by could see her now, she thought, could see the way her husband was treating her. She would never forgive him for this, never forgive him as long as she lived.

### IV.

They are out in the street, and having past the glare of the lamps which surround the concert hall, are quite in the dark. He strains his eyes to catch a glimpse of his wife's form. They are only about a hundred yards apart and the intervening space is a blank to him. He has reached a crossing. A carriage is returning home at a furious rate. The sound of wheels is muffled for a moment, during which moment an agonizing groan is heard. The crowd turns back, at least a part of the crowd, the other part presses forward. Helen turns back, turns back with the ever morbid crowd which must throng around the place where an accident happens. She catches a glimpse, by the flickering glare of a policeman's lantern, of a face turned to the sky, catches a glimpse of a manly form lying crushed and limp, and with a cry which rings sharp and clear above all the other noises of the night, she rushes forward. It is her husband that is lying there bespattered with blood. Her Charlie, her boy, her darling. He is dead, there is not a spark of life in that mutilated young body of his. They try to draw her back, but she heeds them not. She lays her head on his breast.

What is the use of trying further to describe that scene? What is the use of trying to express in words her terrible grief? Imagination may conceive the pitiful spectacle, and all who have hearts and have known what it is to lose a loved one, may perhaps, in a dim kind of way, understand the sorrow of this poor young wife; but only in a dim kind of way double their sorrow or treble it, and it would never reach the depth that hers had. Grief bordering on madness, that was what had taken possession of her. They tried to take her from him, but could not. She wound her arms tight around the neck of her husband and refused to move. But the body had to be taken away, and finding that no kind of persuasion had any effect, force was used to separate them. Thus, they were torn asunder, never to be united on this earth.

### V.

He was dead and they buried him. She, crazy with grief, was taken back to her girlhood's home, the home which she had left for his sake. Grief,

intensified by remorse, preyed on her mind, and after a violent illness she settled down into a gloomy weak-minded creature whose every hope seemed blighted, whose life light was quenched. Her morbid mind forever dwelt on their last day together. She would think over the quarrel, over every word he had said and blame herself bitterly.

You, who have read this story, will know that she had been no more in the wrong than he, in fact, the blame lay more on his side; but he was dead and she was living, and 'tis the living that suffer remorse, not the dead.

This young couple were so childish. The quarrel was so trivial that their tragic end may seem strange, but "such is life;" we know not what a little thing may lead to.

If either of these two had had a little less of that stubborn false pride which causes so much trouble in the world, they would have returned home from that concert as happy as two birds. His death would have been averted and she would have been spared long years of anguish.

EDITH EATON.

### ASPIRATIONS.

"On earth Peace among men of good pleasure!"—

What cry is this that down the ages ringing,  
As glad some marriage-bells, or angels' singing,

Swelling again in tones whose solemn measure

Wakes in the tired strife-worn soul long weary

Of buffets in life's battle, marches dreary,

An eager longing to possess the treasure

Of a quiet spot to rest him in a world at peace.

Anon amid the stillness of the bivouac's dreaming

The piercing *reville* peals forth its strident screaming,

The camp awakes, the hosts advance with banners

streaming;

Mid shouts and cries and hoarse command,

And mingled din on every hand,

With wild appeal like men to stand,

The marshalled force in solid band

Exultant greet the mandate of their King:—

"Dream not of peace but wield the sword I bring!"

Yet still above the roar and crash of battle,

And howls of war-dogs straining at their chain,

The clash of steel, the death-hail's ceaseless rattle,

And groans of mangled men in mortal pain

Is heard a murmur like a summer breeze

Among the swaying pines, which, gathering

strength,

The storm-cloud burst above the bending trees;

So once again some stricken soul breathes out

Its prayer for peace, whose welcome, glad refrain

Is chanted by a host, until again

It breaks into an agonizing shout:

"How long, Oh! Lord, shall blood thine image

stain?"

How long shall nations lift their sword in hate,

Invade, with lustful greed, each other's soil,

Distrust, deceive, their quarrels arbitrate

By force of arms, and bloody war's turmoil!

How long shall man his brother's birthright spoil;

By right of might, or right of law, oppress

The weak, and of their goods himself possess—

Enrich himself with fruits of other's toil?

Among the men by whom a nation's led—

Who occupy the legislator's seat—

Are Honour, Truth and Duty, obsolete,

And right and wrong perverted terms, or dead?

Do Peace, and Power, and Party stand for these,

And statecraft mean but faction's wrangling fight,

Is Policy a synonym for Right,

And Loyalty a cloak to change at ease?

While musing thus I seemed to hear

A whispered murmur in mine ear,

As if some visitant were near,

Some Seraph from a brighter sphere—

A message singing sweet and clear:

"Where nations love not war, soon wars shall cease,

Then dawns the universal reign of Peace,

When man shall own his brotherhood as one,

Then Love shall rule, and tyrants be undone.

When peoples choose the Right, Love's law fulfil,

Needs must that rulers bend to do their will!"

And do we wait, while hearts beat high with hope,

For succour from the woes that darkling lower,

And look for One to save, who, by his power,

Shall wrong redress and with injustice cope?

Methinks I see him now, in radiance bright,

His comely form and features but the shell

That wraps a soul, a pure and limped well,

Whose hidden springs sustain, refresh, delight.

I crave a speech with one so passing fair,

Commune and question, praying him to tell

The secret of his power, and by what spell

He shall achieve, his high emprise declare.

"And would'st thou then, poor weakling, with thy dreams

of peace and rest,

Rise up and give thee for a fight, a bloodless new Crusade,

Waged not with forged arms of steel, which, none the less,  
shall test

The mettle that is in thee?—pause if so thou art afraid;  
For cruel blows may wound thee should they fail of mortal

stroke,  
And heart and brain may weary in their groping for the

light,  
When kindly deed and earnest word but scoff and sneer

provoke,  
And cold indifference numb thy soul as chill of winter's

night.  
In scorn of these can'st thou press on, thy colours floating

wide,  
Strong in the faith that shall prevail, and conquest at the

last;  
Persuade, convince, and others call to battle by thy side

'Gainst vested Wrong enthroned as Right through errors  
of the past?

In thy free, beauteous northern land foul war should ne'er  
have birth;

From Wisdom learn the precepts that promote the ways  
of Peace;

In nation-building act thy part and prove thy native worth,  
Thy rest shall come some time, somewhere thy toil shall

have surcease."  
And speaking thus his gracious presence seemed

To vanish from my sight, but as it passed  
A train of spectral shades in numbers vast

Came trooping by, whose radiant faces beamed  
With light ethereal, and their shadowy forms

Resembled that which late mine eyes had seen;  
In mould heroic and benignant mien

As men they seemed mis-carried by passion's storms.  
Their serried, marshalled ranks advanced along

In panoplied array, with banners spread  
To catch the inspiring breeze that overhead

Flung wide their folds, and bore afar a song  
That seemed an echo of an old refrain:—

"'Peace on the Earth, to men naught but good-will,'  
For God, and Man, and Country, we, until

Our toil and work shall end and Peace shall reign!"  
No deadly arms they bore to force their way,

But in their helms an oriflamme they wore,  
In glittering brightness shining on before

To light the path, and ambushed foes betray.  
Of varied legends these and seen afar—

Here flashes Duty's star serene and stern,  
There High Resolve with dazzling light doth burn,

And Honour's blazing crest no cloud doth mar.  
Ideals, Earnest Thought, and Noble Deed

Have each a place, and with inspiring cry  
They rush, and Fraud and Error, cowering, fly,

And Captive Conscience from its bond is freed.  
Then, gathering strength from every well-won fray,

They forward press to reach the nearing goal  
That speaks of rest to many a weary soul—

Of freer life, a bright, a better day.

Montreal. SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

### A STRANGE SUMMONS.

A year or so ago several papers in the United States published a marvellous story, to the effect that the Rev. Father Walter, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D.C., was once summoned to a death-bed by messengers from the another world. We made inquiries of the Rev. Father at the time, and he was kind enough to furnish us with a correct version of the incident—very different, by the way, from the one which was so widely published.

"The strange sick call I had," writes Father Walter, "happened some twenty-five years ago. I was called up in the middle of the night by the ringing of my front door bell. I went into the front bedroom, opened the window, and saw two small boys, about seven or eight years old, standing on the steps. On asking what they wanted—who was sick—they replied that a person was sick and dying at N.—(I do not now recollect it distinctly) on 11th or 12th street. Hurrying back to my room, I dressed and prepared to administer the Sacraments. Meantime the messengers had disappeared. I went to the house indicated, and found the front door partially opened. I ascended to the third floor without meeting any one, and there also found a door open. Inside the room was a dying man, alone, who said that he wished to see a priest. I asked him if he had not sent two little boys for me. He replied that he had not, that there were no boys in the house. He had two little boys, he said, but they were both dead. I gave him all the Sacraments, and then took my departure.

"I thought at the time that the circumstances were very singular, but paid little attention to the incident afterward. Here you have the simple facts of the case."—*Ex.*



C. S. Rodier, of Montreal, has been nominated senator for the division of Mille Isles, to replace the late Hon. J. B. Rolland.

George A. Drummond, Esq., the great sugar industrial, has been raised to the Senate, in the room of Hon. John Hamilton.

A reception is being arranged for Principal Grant. It will be taken part in by people generally. The Doctor arrives next month.

Hon. James Armstrong, ex-chief justice of St. Lucia and Tobago, and chairman of the Royal Commission on Labour, died suddenly at Sorel, on the 23rd inst., in his 68th year.

Hon. Edward Blake received a retainer of \$10,000 before accepting a brief from the Canadian Pacific Railway in the Manitoba Railway case just concluded in the Supreme Court.

Sir Terence O'Brien, the new Governor of Newfoundland, is the brother of Lieut.-Col. O'Brien who, for the last two and a half years, commands the Royal Engineers in Halifax.

The exceptionally favourable loan of Montreal City, on the London market, was chiefly due to the financial ability and professional influence of Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, the Mayor.

It is stated that Mlle. Tessier, the charming and talented blind vocalist, will leave Montreal in February for the purpose of finishing her vocal education at the Boston Conservatory of Music.

Mr. Blake will be in attendance at the opening of the coming session of the Dominion Parliament, though his physicians may insist upon his spending a portion of the winter in a southern climate.

Mr. John Foster, of Apohagin, died on the 21st November, aged 82. His son, the Minister of Finance, was with him at his death. The deceased was a worthy old gentleman, much respected in the community.

The post to which Dr. Osler, formerly of Montreal, has recently been appointed, that of the Chair of Medicine in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, is the highest position in the medical profession of the United States.

Mr. P. A. Crossby, manager of the Dominion Type Foundry, was the recipient of a very handsome testimonial from a number of admiring friends. A complimentary dinner was tendered him, at which the presentation was made.

The death is announced, at sea, of Edwin J. Winterbottom, formerly of London, Eng., but in recent years of Calgary. To a large circle his name will recall pleasant recollections as that of the husband of Mrs. Rose Winterbottom, whose several letters, above the signature of "A Settler's Wife," have proved of so much interest and use to intending settlers in the Canadian Northwest.

### LADY MACDONALD.

Apart from the Queen's representatives, the "first lady" in Canada is the wife of the Premier. Lady Macdonald will be remembered by many in Washington, whither she accompanied Sir John at the time of the last commission to settle the fishery question. In appearance she has altered very little since then, except that her dark hair has turned a snowy white; and this, rolled back from her forehead, gives a look of softness and gentleness to a face more expressive of purely intellectual qualities. Lady Macdonald is a remarkable woman, even in this age of remarkable women. Her mind has the masculine qualities of breadth and grasp and accuracy and logic, yet she is capable of the tenderest expression of womanly sympathy, the finest tact and the keenest feminine appreciation. But for the service she has rendered the country in being the stay and support, the intelligent and capable companion of her husband through so many critical years of his public life, Lady Macdonald would have had no province in Canada. Either in England or the United States such a personality as hers would have found a more interesting environment and wider appreciation. Here her superiority in knowledge of public affairs and general intellectuality over every other woman whose husband is in Parliament is so marked that comparison is out of the question.





AFLOAT. "*EMBARQUÉS*."

By J. Van Beers.

Photograph supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.



SUGAR ISLAND, GEORGIAN BAY, ONT.

From a sketch by T. Mower Martin, R.C.A.





**IDEAL MARRIAGE.**—Marriage is a failure just as life and hope are failures, no more so. The good man grows old, marveling at the unfolding of his nature. He notices that marriage consulted needs of which he was not forewarned. He therefore believes the institution divine. The good wife usually goes forward in the same direction, but she leaves her husband—poor soul, whom she loves for his burdens of thought—to do all the philosophizing, while she lets down last winter's school coat and darns a half bushel of stockings.

#### WOMAN.

Our guardian angel she has always been,  
Our guardian angel she will always be.  
We'd have her fair as Helen, Sparta's queen,  
We'd have her virtuous as Penelope.

And she's so often all that we desire,  
So fair, so virtuous, she must not mix  
With evil, so we keep her from the mire,  
The dirty slough of modern politics.

'Tis very strange how long some chestnuts live!  
The foregoing is a chestnut, wormy, old—  
But 'tis the reason legislators give  
Why they the right to vote from her withhold.

**AN ARCTIC BELLE'S ATTIRE.**—In a lecture in Brooklyn, in relation to the Polar seas, William Bradford gave the following description of an Arctic belle. A red silk handkerchief was tied around her forehead and ribbons fluttered from the knot of hair which stood up on the crown of her head. Her boots were as red as her handkerchief and quite as spotless. Her trousers were of the choicest and most shining sealskin, neatly ornamented with needlework and beads. Her jacket was also of sealskin, met with trousers at the hips, where it was fringed with a broad band of eiderdown.

**WOMANLY WOMEN.**—There is a liberty that makes us free and a liberty that makes us slaves, and the girls who take liberties with modesty of speech and manner, and who cross over the boundary into masculine territory, are not more free, but more slavish than before. And the approbation of men, which is the end in view, is lost by the means taken to gain it. Whatever men may be themselves, they like gentleness, modesty and purity in act and thought in women. They want their wives to be better than themselves. They think that women should be the conservators of all that is restrained, chivalrous and gentle.

**NO HEART.**—What a thing it is for a man to have said to him that he has no heart! No heart. Then he is hardly a human being. He is like an oyster, a potato, a stick, a stone, like a lump of ice, only he is never in the melting mood. Such a man does not love his own race, nor even his best friends. His love for his own immediate family is a sort of selfish feeling of possession. In reality he loves no one but himself, and that isn't love. And a woman without heart—can there be anything more abhorrent? She seems only like a walking milliner's stand, vitalized to hang dresses upon. We have no fancy for human icicles; we like men of heart.

**MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON.**—No woman has figured in Washington society better able to fill the position of mistress of the White House than Mrs. Benjamin Harrison. Well born, well bred and well educated, she has the easy charm of a woman of the world, yet without one tinge of cynicism or hardness. Given the dangerous gift of wit, she has never used it to sting or wound—one great reason for her personal success. There is no one society respects more than a clever woman who can hold her tongue under temptation. For her *bon mots* and her claret punch, made after the "Tippecanoe" receipt, the wife of the Republican nominee is famous, and, be it said, she serves both with discretion.

#### MADE OVER.

"Hannah," said Farmer Hull, as he hustled into the farmhouse kitchen, "be you expectin' a letter?"

"No," answered his wife, promptly. "Who's writ?"

"I dunno, onless it's thet high flyin' sister of yours, Julyett What's-her-NAME? Like enuff she is tired of livin' starched up in the city—'tain't enny place for real human folks, enny way—an' so she's comin' here to make us a visit."

"Do she say so?"

"Law sakes, no. Et warn't put in the law an' comman'ments when we was married that you was to open my letters, nor me yourn. Take an' open it yourself."

So Mrs. Hull opened the letter and began to read it.

"Jest as I remayrkee," said the old man, "ain't it, Hannah?"

"No," said Mrs. Hull, handing him the letter, "'es I make it out it's just the other way. Juliette wants us to go an' visit her. She says she'll stan' the expense, an' is jest sufferin' for somebody to make over. Now, what does she mean?"

The old farmer read the letter with much care and painstaking.

"Gol! Me go a-visitin' whar they eat breakfus' in the middle of the day, an' wear their Sunday close the hull week. I rayther guess not. But, mother, if you want to go, thet's anuther thing. You kin hev the money the old mare fetched—ye nigh about raised Bet, anyway. I'll gin ye thet."

"There's my new alpaccy," said Mrs. Hull, thoughtfully. "I'm right glad I got a good piece. It's as shiny as silk. But, laws, it won't be much in the city! I've heered thet the shop girls there wear real silk and satin ev'ry day."

"Poor things," said her husband; "it must be dredful to hev to dress to death all the time. Where's the ink horn? I'm goin' to write to the children thet their ma's goin' a-visitin'."

After manifold preparations, Mrs. Hull was ready to go and visit her stylish sister, the rich city widow.

The first thing her sister said to her was: "Hannah Hull, you're a fright. I must make you over."

"Why, Juliette, I think you're real mean," said Hannah, with some spirit. "I paid fifty cents a yard far this alapaccy, and my bunnit cost nearly five dollars."

"Don't say bunnit, for goodness sake! You have no style. You've lived down on that old farm till you look one hundred."

"I be over fifty, Juliette; but then I'm only two years older'n—"

"Hush! Never say anything about your age. It isn't polite. Hannah, I must make you over. You won't be the same woman."

Mrs. Hull made such a long visit that her husband became uneasy. The doughnuts and pies were giving out, and beside, he was lonesome. He wanted his Hannah home again. He didn't hanker after the city, but he made up his mind one day that he would go and bring his wife home.

"The old gal will be glad to see me," he said to himself; "it's almost killed her, I expect, by this time, sittin' up so straight an' eatin' all her vittels with a fork, an' bein' away from me. I'll be boun' it'll give her a turn to see me."

It did. The sister had tried the glass of fashion and the mould of form, with wonderful effect on Hannah. She had also introduced Mrs. Hull into "sassiety."

When Mr. Hull arrived he was shown into a darkened parlour by a smirking maid.

"Have you a card, sir?"

"I don't play keards," said the old man, reprovingly. "You jest tell Hannah there's a gentleman here to see her."

"Beg pardon, sir."

"You needn't. You hain't don nothin'. Jest go and tell Mrs. Hull there's a gentleman kem to see her."

The girl went, and the old man chuckled to himself. He wore his store clothes, and had a

baggy carpet satchel in his hand. His gray locks hung about his rugged face and made it picturesque.

The door opened, and a strange lady entered with a very pink and white complexion. She wore a voluminous blue silk dress, and walked in shoes that were mounted on French heels. Her hair was a wicked yellow.

"Hannah didn't say anythin' about enny other woman a-visitin' here. Who kin she be?" he said to himself.

As the strange lady advanced, at a queer hippity-hoppity gait, something in her presence grew familiar.

"Good mornin', ma'am," he said, hesitatingly. "I was expectin' to see my wife—Hannah. I kinder thought you might be her sister. I ain't seen her in a good many years, but she ain't ez young ez you be."

A shrill, affected laugh, that died in a falsetto shriek, greeted him.

"He don't know me! Juliette, come here. Dan'l don't know his own wife."

The old man looked at her attentively.

"Yaller hair on a woman of fifty? Red roses in her cheeks, like a gal of sixteen? Where's the old woman that was my wife—Hannah? I don't want no ballet dancer in her place."

"I've tried to be fashun'ble," moaned Hannah, sinking into a heap on the floor.

"I've spent hundreds of dollars on her," exclaimed her sister, as she looked on, "and this is your gratitude."

"You've made a chromo of her," persisted Dan'l. "Look at that ha'ar."

"It's a pompadour," sobbed Hannah.

"It looks wuss than a barn door; an' look at her cheeks."

"Bloom of youth—\$1 a bottle," grumbled Juliette; "she's made over."

"Hannah," exclaimed her husband, severely, "I'm ashamed of you."

"So be I," sobbed his wife; "but if you live in the city you must do as city folks do."

"Whar's your new alpaccy that you thought good enough for the presydent's wife?"

"In the cluset, upstairs."

"Get inter it, and wash the yaller outer yer gray ha'ar, and the red offen your cheeks, an' kim home!"

"Dan'l's a crank," said Juliette to her weeping sister upstairs, as she tried to soothe her.

"No, he ain't! an' I was a fool to think I could be made over. Sakes alive! how glad I am to get inter my own shoes again."

When Hannah entered the parlour again she was clothed and in her right mind. Her husband beamed upon her.

"Gol!" he exclaimed, "I've got her back! It's the old gal herself this time, as nat'ral as life, an' es purty es a pictur! It's the children's mother. Hurry up, now, an' doan git left. I shan't take a spec of comfort till I git you safe down hum agin on the old farm."

**ALMOND MEAL.**—Ella Wheeler Wilcox declares there is nothing to compare with almond meal. It is her practice to wash her face once in the morning, and after drying it she goes to an open jar, in which a quantity of the powdered almond is kept, and gives her face a good scouring with the oily meal. After a dozen handfuls have been rubbed in and the skin has a smooth, moist feeling, the fair poetess is as fragrant as an almond blossom and proof to chaps or roughness.

**REAL BLONDES VERY SCARCE.**—Says a St. Louis gentleman: There are not so many blondes as you would think, not one in twenty, I should say. In explanation of this I would say that few people understand what constitutes a blonde. Every lady with light hair is not a blonde. The word we get from the French. The adverb blonde, on the authority of Clark, the philologist, is defined as meaning fair, light, or flaxen, referring to any object, whereas Simmonds describes a blonde as being "a woman of fair complexion."





There are about 1,300 Protestant teachers in the Province of Quebec.

Seven divorce suits will come before the Dominion Senate next session.

It is understood the Minister of the Interior has under consideration a scheme for very materially enlarging the scope of the industrial schools in the Northwest.

The setting up of the voters' list for the Dominion will be completed about the 15th of January. There are over 1,000,000 names on the list. The great bulk of the matter will be kept standing in type, so that the cost of revision will be trifling.

In the Northwest Assembly Judge Richardson, on behalf of the legal experts, presented a report in reference to the constitutionality of the Assembly taking a vote on the question of prohibition or license for the Territories. The report concludes that the power of legislating in the way proposed is not vested in the Assembly.

A very considerable emigration from those rural districts of France from which the first settlers in Canada came is expected in the province of Quebec next year. The curés in these districts are said to be interesting themselves very much in the movement, and the people being dissatisfied under the present régime in France, are disposed to emigrate.

M. J. Bourgeois, Dominion Government land surveyor, has just returned from the Northwest, bringing with him several relics. Among them is a revolver, said to have belonged to Captain French, who was killed on showing himself at a window in Batoche's house, and the chair which served Riel as a throne during his short reign and is said to have been made by Gabriel Dumont.

### SOMETHING ABOUT EGGS.

Every element, says a writer in *Health*, that is necessary to the support of man is contained within the limits of an egg shell, in the best proportions and in the most palatable form. Plain boiled they are wholesome. The masters of French cookery, however, affirm that it is easy to dress them in more than 500 different ways, each method not only economical but salutary in the highest degree. No honest appetite has ever yet rejected an egg in some guise. It is nutriment in the most portable form, and in the most concentrated shape. Whole nations of mankind rarely touch any other animal food. Kings eat them plain as readily as do the humble tradesmen. After the victory of Muhldorf, when the Kaiser Ludwig sat at a meal with his burggrafs and great captains, he determined on a piece of luxury—"one egg to every man, and two to excellently valiant Schwepperman." Far more than fish—for it is a watery diet—eggs are the scholar's fare. They contain phosphorous, which is brain food, and sulphur, which performs a variety of functions in the economy. And they are the best of nutriment for children, for, in a compact form they contain everything that is necessary for the growth of the youthful frame. Eggs are, however, not only food—they are medicine also. The white is the most efficacious of remedies for burns, and the oil extractable from the yolk is regarded by the Russians as an almost miraculous salve for cuts, bruises and scratches. A raw egg, if swallowed in time, will effectually detach a fish bone fastened in the throat, and the white of two eggs will render the deadly corrosive sublimate as harmless as a dose of calomel. They strengthen the consumptive, invigorate the feeble, and render the most susceptible all but proof against the most malignant jaundice. They can also be drunk in the shape of that "egg flip" which sustains the oratorical efforts of modern statesmen. The merits of eggs do not even here.

In France alone the wine clarifiers use more than 80 millions a year, and the Alsations consume fully 38 million in calico printing and for dressing the leather used in making the finest of French kid gloves. Finally, not to mention the various other employments for eggs in the arts, they may, of course, almost without trouble on the farmer's part, be converted into fowls, which, in any shape, are profitable to the seller and welcome to the buyer. Even egg shells are valuable, for allopath and homoeopath alike agree in regarding them as the purest carbonate of lime.

### THE WEeping Willow.

The Tyrolean peasants hold the weeping willow sacred; because, in spite of its prayers and tears, its boughs were used to scourge our Lord; the sorrowful tree has never ceased to mourn and weep over the dreadful deed.

Fairest among the trees of Eden grew the willow. Tall and strong, it shot forth its many branches, higher and still higher, each leaf springing upward toward the glowing heavens.

Exulting in conscious strength and vigour, it grew every day more proudly beautiful. When our first parents' fall threw the shadow of sin and sorrow over every growing thing on earth, the willow alone remained unmoved.

Whenever the wild, roaming beasts rested under its shade, they howled mournfully, and their pitiful savage voices seemed to say: "Alas! unhappy tree!"

Then the willow, rearing aloft its noble head, thought in its arrogant heart: "Fools! I need no compassion."

And whenever the birds alighted on its branches, their joyous notes were changed, and in their melancholy song the tree heard plainly, "Alas, unhappy willow!" But she rustled her dainty leaves, and answered scornfully: "I have no need for pity."

The summer insects, buzzing in the sultry air; the soft wind playing with the boughs; the rain drops pattering on the upturned leaves—all seemed to murmur sadly: "Alas, unhappy willow!" But still the tree grew strong in ever increasing pride and beauty.

Many years passed. But one day came fierce and cruel men, who tore from the willow her glowing branches, and with them scourged the Lord their God. Then the tree, shuddering with grief and horror, and bowed down with unutterable shame, drooped its proud head to the earth, and wept.

And ever since, uncomfited, it has never ceased to mourn the sufferings of our Saviour, but weeps day and night over the Sacred Drops of Blood which flowed beneath its branches. Shrinking from the sun, it hangs its head and sorrows always, and when the wind stills the heavy leaves, they murmur in their pain, "Alas!"

### MILITIA NOTES.

The 91st Battalion, of Winnipeg, has been disbanded.

The changes in Montreal corps gazetted are: Montreal Garrison Artillery—To be surgeon, F. Gault Finley, Esq., M.D., vice Charles Ernest Cameron, whose resignation is accepted.

Lieut.-Col. Ouimet has applied to the Minister of Militia for leave to use one of the rooms in the Drill Hall, Montreal, for target practice, with the Morris air rifles, by the men of the 65th Battalion.

His Excellency the Governor-General has appointed Lieut.-Col. Henry R. Smith, of the 14th Battalion, extra aide-de-camp from the 25th July, 1888. Lieut.-Col. Smith filled a similar position under Lord Lansdowne.

Lieut.-Col. Tilton, the new commandant of the Governor-General Foot Guards, stands nearly six feet in his stockings and weighs just 250 pounds. Lieut.-Col. Anderson, the new commandant of the 43rd Rifles, stands over six feet and weighs 215 pounds.

A certain number of officers are going through special course at the St. Johns Military School. They are: Capt. E. Jones, 8th Royal Rifles; Capt. Blackwell, 54th Battalion; Lieut. Barthe, 86th; Lieuts. Oscar Evanturel, J. A. W. LeBel, A. Bourget, of the 9th Battalion Voltigeurs of Quebec.

The retirement of Lieut.-Col. Macpherson from the command of the Governor-General's Foot Guards and the promotion of Major John Tilton as lieutenant-colonel of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, vice Lieut.-Col. Macpherson, who is placed on the "special list" of officers retaining active militia rank under the provisions of No. 2 general orders (7), 13th May, 1887. This will settle what has been known as the Gurd's difficulty.

Major W. H. Anderson is gazetted Lieutenant-Colonel of the 43rd Battalion, Lieut.-Col. White and Major Walsh being placed on the "special list" of officers relieved retaining rank. This leaves the two majorities in the battalion vacant. The names of Capt. Wright, of Hull, and Capt. A. P. Sherwood, Commissioner of Dominion Police, are mentioned in connection with the position.



A lady and her maid acting in accord will outwit a dozen devils.—Old proverb.

Women are extremists—they are either better or worse than men.—La Bruyere.

Women distrust men too much in general and not enough in particular.—Commerson.

Take the first advice of a woman; under no circumstances the second.—Proverb.

Woman is a charming creature, who changes her heart as easily as her gloves.—Belzac.

Of all the heavy bodies, the heaviest is the woman we have ceased to love.—Lemantey.

A man with a new idea cannot be too careful of it. It may get away from him and become original with someone else.

People who want to be in fashion now all have a cold. In that respect they resemble people who do not want to be in fashion.

For putting on a coat a darkey's instructions were—"Fust de right arm, den de left arm, and den gib one general convulsion."

No acids do in kisses lie;

Who would for honey kisses barter?

Yet when one comes to bid "good-by,"

Then kisses are the cream of "ta ta."

Lanky wife (to cranky husband): "Dear, a fancy ball is to be given. What character would you advise me to select?" Husband: "Cut your hair short and go there as a mop."

"Fifty cents, please," said the hotel clerk to the lady who had been using the telephone. "I thought the charge was only ten," she replied. "Yes," he replied; "but that is the rate for men, you know."

"They are working on a new telescope," observed De Smith, "that will bring the moon within sixty miles of the earth." "If the moon is really made of green cheese," remarked De Cantur, "that's close enough."

"Then you really think you appreciate orchestral music, Mr. Fitzroy?" she said, in a quizzical sort of way. "Well—er—yes. That is, I think I do. Once in a while, you know, the instruments seem to be all out of tune, and wander a little, but when the man hits the bass drum solid, all is clear to me."

A professor of natural history, says the *Washington Critic*, wandered away from the Smithsonian the other day and got into a lawyer's office on F street, where there is a very pompous young clerk. The professor asked two or three questions on the point at issue, and the clerk finally remarked to him, very largely: "I tell you it's true, and it is true. What do you know about law, anyway?" "Nothing, nothing at all," replied the professor, meekly, "but I know a great deal about natural history, and I think you are an ass."

The following incident occurred at the battle of Bull Run. In the heat of the action an officer, who has since become prominent and well known throughout the country, was then in command of a brigade on the right of the line. While riding over the field he discovered a soldier concealed in a hole in the ground, which was of just sufficient dimensions to afford him shelter. The general rode up to him, enquired as to his regiment, and ordered him to join it at once. The man looked him full in the face, placed a thumb upon his nose, and replied: "Oh, no you don't, old fellow! You want the hole yourself."

Last evening while sitting by Kate—

The dear, by argument, is my sister—

She pouted her lips near my face

So sweetly, I turned round and kissed her!

Though she boxed me right square on the mouth

With a force that engendered this blister.

"What possessed you," she cried, "to do that?"

And every word was a missile.

"Why, you puckered your lips!" I replied;

But her glance stung my face like a thistle,

As she said, "You presume a great deal;

I was merely attempting to whistle!"

A Western paper recently offered a prize for the best story to be written by a pupil of a public school. Here are a few passages from the contributions:

"Cora Brown was fortunately the possessor of a birthday, for she was the daughter of rich friends."

"But all this time a cloud was gathering over Mrs. Delaney, which grew large as years went by, and that cloud was full of grasshoppers."

"My father desired me to marry a bank president, a handsome, reckless man, fond of naught save the gaming table."

"'Vat I dell you, vat I dell you?' shouted the Irishman."

"As she entered the room a cold, damp smell met her sight."

"She forgot the Lord and all His blessings, and after that she went and got married."



Fond mother: "Little Dick is a perfect gentleman, bless his little heart. Coming down stairs he politely stepped aside and allowed Mrs. Heavyweight to precede him, didn't you, darling?" Little Dick: "Yes, mamma; I was 'fraid she might stumble."

"Yes," said a lecturer in a country town to a large and intelligent audience, "the people of the United States owe more to the newspapers than to any other cause for their advancement." And the editor remarked, parenthetically and pathetically: "You bet they do, if subscribers elsewhere are anything like mine."

Fannie: "So you are married, Hattie, and have wealth and all its possibilities." Hattie: "Yes, my husband is very rich." Fannie: "And you enjoy it very much?" Hattie: "Very much indeed." Fannie: "And your husband?" Hattie: "Oh, well! you know in this world, dear, we have to take the bitter with the sweet."

Edward: "I love you, Miss Claribel. Will you be my wife?" Claribel: "Certainly; right away." Edward: "But—the necessary delays—the minister?" Claribel: "Oh, that's all right. Papa is in the next room. He's the mayor, you know. I've made the mistake of a long engagement once or twice before. Come!" They stampede.

An old lady, brought up as a witness before a bench of magistrates, when asked to take off her bonnet, refused to do so, saying: "There's no law compelling a woman to take off her bonnet." "Oh," said one of the magistrates, "you know the law, do you? Perhaps you would like to come up and sit here and teach us!" "No, I thank you, sir," replied the old lady; "there are old women enough there already."

We have heard of the woman in a picture gallery who asked the subject of a fine painting, and, on being told, "Nydia of Pompeii," immediately shouted to her deaf companion the supposed information, "An idiot from Bombay." Almost equal to this was a comment overheard at the Metropolitan Museum recently. A buxom lass from down East, who was viewing the Wolfe collection, said: "Did Catherine Wolfe paint all these? Wasn't she a genius?"

Here are some things a man cannot do: Smile through his tears. Make a crying baby smile. Put in a pin that will hold. Wither a rival with a glance. Talk with his mouth full of pins. Carry his car fare in his mouth. Make love to two girls in the same room. Get a number six foot into a number three shoe. Remain self-possessed when there is a pin sticking in him. Read a book at the window and scrutinize everybody that passes. Spend the whole day shopping when he doesn't want to buy anything.



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